

November 1943



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The Student's Pen

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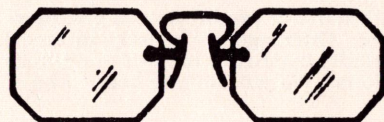
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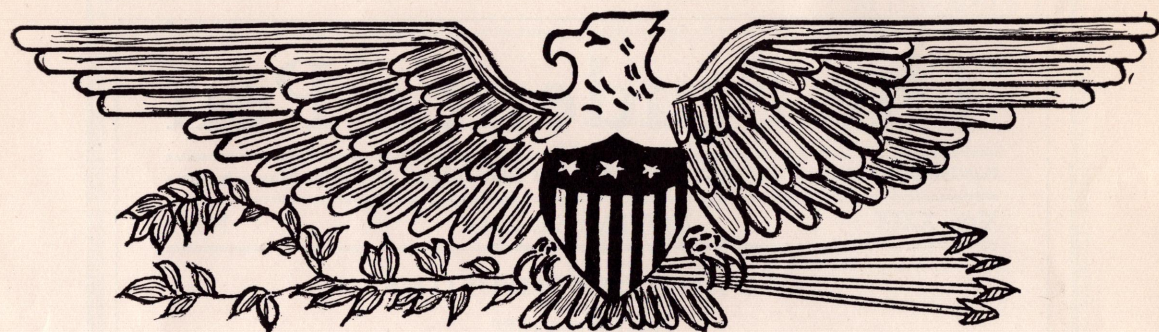
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As The Student's Pen goes to press,* the following home rooms have 100% sales of War Savings Stamps for the month of November:

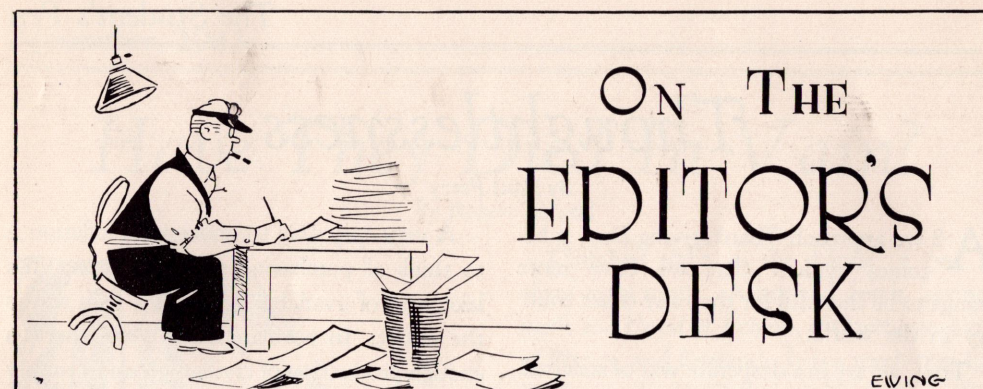
Room 148, Room Leader Flag**

| | |
|-----|-----|
| 101 | 149 |
| 104 | 202 |
| 105 | 203 |
| 107 | 206 |
| 110 | 212 |
| 138 | 236 |
| 140 | 242 |
| 142 | 302 |
| 143 | 333 |
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344

* November 24

** The Room Leader Flag is awarded for the month to the first room to make 100%



The Bullet that Wasn't Bought

By Betty Burgess

THIS is something I am ashamed to write and something which the student body should be ashamed to read. We have lost the Minute-Man Flag for October. Only 73% of the pupils of Pittsfield High School have purchased stamps during the month. That means nearly one-third of the students have not done so.

A lone, sweating, tired private creeps through the ovenlike jungle. Ahead, somewhere in the deceiving underbrush, snipers await him. Suddenly a shot rings out, whizzes over the soldier's helmet. The Yank cocks his rifle toward the suspected bush, and fires. Then—a series of shots are exchanged between the tall grass and the low bush. A groan, and silence. The young American hesitates, then stealthily advances, crawling on his stomach. But the stillness is a trap. The Jap springs out, shooting. Flat on the hot earth, the private again cocks his rifle, aims at the vulnerable Jap, fires. *Click*. The next moment, blood spurts from the brave American's chest. The Jap sneers and breaks out with an evil laugh.

Some time later, in a small town in the Middle West, a telegram is delivered to a middle-aged, gray-haired woman. With

trembling hands she tears open the yellow envelope and gazes at the words on the paper.

"My son, oh, my son!" she sobs.

A life was lost because one bullet was not in the rifle. If it had been there—who knows? But some one had thought,

"Oh, well, if I don't buy a stamp this week, no one will miss it."

At least two people missed it,—the soldier and his mother. A ten-cent War Stamp would have purchased that bullet.

The Minute-Man Flag is not so important in itself, but our possession of it reflects pride in our school and our country. It is a symbol of everything we love. It proves to the men over there that we are backing them up. In their name, we ask you to buy one stamp a week, not only that we may fly this flag, but that the boys in the foxholes and on the seas, may be adequately equipped for their dangerous work.

Make sure that another "click" does not happen. Make sure you buy a stamp now, and another, too, and keep on buying them.

To help redeem ourselves for losing the flag last month, let's have 100% of P. H. S. buying stamps this month, and the rest of the year.

Thoughtlessness

By Paul Perry

AS we approach Thanksgiving Day, it becomes evident that we have more things to be thankful for than any other country in the world.

True, we are in a desperate war of survival. This war is affecting us daily; our boys are killed on the fighting fronts, our dollars are used for armaments.

So far, however, the war has not even scratched us, compared to the sufferings of other countries. Russia has had her best agricultural and industrial lands scarred and devastated. Britain has lost many thousands of her young men in killed and wounded. China has suffered for six years under the attack of a well-armed aggressor.

Here in America, we can still celebrate Thanksgiving day in the traditional manner, turkey dinner and all. In spite of rationing, we can sit down to a plate heaped with more than we can eat.

Our greatest cause for thankfulness is the fact that our country itself is still untouched by the ravages of total war. We can sit in our homes at night, free from the fear of air raids. We can go about our business and pleasure in a happy, normal manner.

Perhaps the fact that we have had all these advantages for so long has made us indifferent to our danger of losing all these luxuries and rights. Many of us have grown thoughtless about protecting them.

There is one danger about which many of us are very thoughtless. This danger is closer than we think; it is an ever-present peril in time of war; its name is inflation.

Inflation is a giant—a very powerful giant. In normal times it is safely bottled up. But in times of financial boom it is very close to us, constantly hammering at the gates.

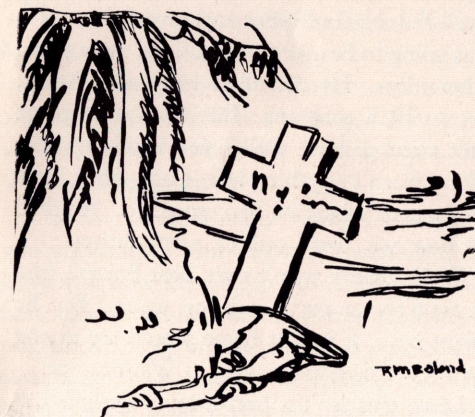
A very easy way to understand inflation is to think of purchasing power as water in a lake, and of available goods as a dam across the outlet. In normal times, when there is enough production of civilian goods to supply the demand, the water is below the top of the dam. But in war time like the present countless factories have ceased the manufacture of "non-essential" goods and are concentrating on war production. This means less available goods on the market, which lowers the dam. At the same time, more and more people are making more and more money. This means more purchasing power, which raises the level of the water. When the water level gets higher than the dam, it spills over. This is called inflation. It means that people have money to buy a great many things, but that there are not enough goods to satisfy the demand. The inevitable result is that in order to find an outlet for this money, the public pays higher prices for the same goods. This keeps up until a cup of coffee costs a dollar, a pair of shoes fifty dollars, a ticket to a movie eight dollars. Before long the dollar becomes almost valueless, and we have the same condition that existed in Europe after the World War I, when a man brings a basket full of bills to the store and comes home with a pocketful of groceries.

There is a way to prevent this. The government is doing its best to drain off purchasing power, through taxes and other means, so that there will not be so much demand for goods on the civilian market. They have made available to us another means—War Bonds. The more money we invest in them, the more we help to prevent inflation.

We are fighting a tough, resourceful enemy, and any thoughtlessness on our part can contribute directly to our losing the war.

Have They Died In Vain?

By Robert Boland



IT is a warm, summer evening on the island of Guadalcanal in the Pacific. Slowly, a star arises in the eastern sky, and the black void of night is lighted by the heavenly candle.

By its beams are seen bodies—American soldiers' bodies—lying on the sand. They do not see the star, these men who lie so still. Nor will they ever see another. No more sunsets—no more dawns. They will not see the faces of those dear to them. They will not hear familiar voices. Never again! These men are dead.

Why? Because someone at home failed. Was it you? An extra bullet, another boat, how much they might have meant!

Do you know them? Look closely! Is that your father, your brother, your sweetheart lying there on the littered beach waves lapping at his feet? No? You are lucky, American. War hasn't laid its bony hand upon you, yet!

Does it make any difference, though, whether you, personally, know these fellows? Does it matter whether they are white or black? Catholic, Protestant, or Jew? They are men. These are human beings sprawled so still under your gaze. People like ourselves, some with an arm gone, with a face shot away, with bodies torn and twisted.

Clutched tight in the hands of one of them is a torch. A scarred torch, stained with the blood of Poland, of Czechoslovakia, of France, and England. It is a torch that has been passed around the world, through shell fire and mud, through devastated cities, and down long rows of dead. It is the symbol of liberty. These boys died to keep it burning. Would you?

You read the black, black headlines. "London Raided Again—Hundreds of Casualties." "Too bad," you say. "Such a shame!" "We sure are lucky." Yes, you are. Have you ever seen a baby toddling dazedly about, crying for its mother, when that mother, maimed beyond recognition is lying in a heap nearby? Magazines of the day write about Japanese cruelty. "Unbelievable," you murmur. "Some of it must be propaganda!" Did you ever see the body of a child in the street, pierced through and through by the bayonet of an idling soldier?

No, you never have, and maybe you never will. People have given all they possess to prevent it. Marines in the Pacific; soldiers in Italy; sailors in the Atlantic; guerillas, and nurses, and underground workers. What happened to them? Do you know? Do you care? You owe them so much; will you repay them?

You say America is invincible. Step closer. Ask these boys if that's true. They are the results of your feeling of superiority and of your neglect. Have you broken faith with them? Failed to do your share?

Dawn is breaking, now, and the star is fading, fading like the flame in the torch of liberty. Rekindle it, you American youth! Raise it aloft for all the world to see! Let them know you have kept faith! Prove that they have not died in vain. Do your part—and thank God for giving you the freedom in which to do it.

"Communique from New Guinea"

By Gloria Goldsmith

IT is two-ten in the afternoon. I am lying in a fox hole that has been under fire for the past two hours. For the moment, the firing has ceased, but it will begin again very soon. My friends are all dead, and they are lying where they fell. I can not help them. I can not help myself. I was hit a little while ago, and I think I am going to die before very long.

It isn't pretty, is it, to speak the truth so harshly? Well, it isn't pretty here. My comrades' blood is not pretty. There is a heavy dust and a stagnant smell in this fox hole. Lying here, I cannot help but mull over the reasons why my buddies and I are here without munitions, without bandages, without any hope of aid. There weren't any supplies; there weren't any reinforcements. There were only men to give up their lives for a people who still refuse to believe that this is a war for either eternal peace or eternal hell!

Most of the men in our company left good jobs and good homes. We all had a future. But when the time came for us to leave our homes, our jobs, and our futures—we left, and gladly. We'll die, and we'll do it willingly as long as we believe there is a reason for it. In a war, men must die; but listen,—it is little men that will do the dying. We are not remote human beings. We are your sons, your sweethearts, your brothers, your fathers and your husbands. We are the ones you, at home, love, that will not come back, because you at home refused to help us.

On my last furlough, before I was shipped out, I learned why we haven't the things we need when we need them. I heard a couple of girls say they couldn't buy war stamps because they had to buy a record by a guy named Sinatra. I heard a fellow ask how he could remember Pearl Harbor, and still go to a dance. I heard people say that their dimes and quarters wouldn't make any difference.

I had a buddy named Jimmy. He was a swell kid, kind of quiet and serious-like. He was going to be a printer, but the Army had other ideas. He did all right in the Army; got to be a sergeant. But even a sergeant isn't a match for a well-aimed hand grenade. There wasn't anything left of him when I got to the spot where he had crouched. He died because we were out of ammunition.

Well, Jimmy won't ever hear Sinatra, and he won't ever go to a dance, again. But he might have, if you at home would try giving up a few cokes, and invest in War Stamps.

Look, this isn't a horror story designed to scare the wits out of you. Men are dying, and not only in the Pacific. Some of you have brothers and boy friends in Europe, and they aren't having any picnic.

The experts say there isn't any doubt of the final victory. I guess they are right. But a lot of you are going to be pretty lonely, some day.

We need arms; we need quinine; we need bombers. We need them now, not next spring when you can find time to campaign for a few extra dollars. Tojo isn't going to wait!

Yes, as somebody put it, we are expendable. But we are also human. Give us the tools, and we'll wipe the sons of heaven and Hitler off the face of the earth! But you've got to do it now!

Go ahead—do your patriotic fuming and flag-waving. But try waving a flag in front of a machine gun. It doesn't give much protection.

* * * * *

The Japs have started firing again. I can't move my body, so I'll have to wait until one of their marksmen uses me for a target. I won't get back home again. But listen, I'm lying here so you can still go home nights. I don't want to die in vain. See?

War Mother

By Virginia DeWitt

TODAY is a day which I have been looking forward to with much fear in my heart, for it is your birthday; not just any birthday, however, for today you become seventeen, and I feel that it will not be long before you are hastening, with wildly beating heart, to the recruiting station.

I know just how really young and boyish you are despite your seventeen summers; I know just how jolly, happy, and care-free you have always been; I know better than anyone just how dependent you are on me; and I also know that heroic stories of battle and the boyish pride of strutting in uniform before your best girl have had much to do with your decision.

On the other hand, I realize that you are brave and courageous, fine and true, despite the fact that your doting parents have given everything they possibly could to an only son. A stronger, finer character could not be desired, and I am confident that you will pass through any hardship or trial without flinching.

You go into this conflict, a boy without a care in the world, but you will emerge from the war a wise man—better, I hope, for your experience.

I cannot say I shall be glad to see you go, for I realize what is before you; and, yet, even if I could, I would not attempt to detain you from your purpose, for I feel that if you are old enough to fight—or even die for your country—you are quite capable of making up your own mind.

I have noticed your restlessness, your worried frown, and I know that you are rehearsing the speech in which you must tell your father and me that you are volunteering. Somehow I am glad that it worries you to think of leaving us.

I hear you now as you clatter down the stairs, and I know that you will never suspect the thoughts that have raced through my mind as I baked your birthday cake—perhaps it is better that way.

WHAT DID YOU DO FOR FREEDOM TODAY?

By Paul Perry

What did you do for freedom today?
A gallant soldier dead upon the sand
Stains with his lifeblood this wild, arid land,
He gave it freely, died that you might live,—
A part of freedom's price. What will you give?

What did you do for freedom today?
A burned-out tank lies baking in the sun;
Inside, a man sprawls lifeless at his gun;
Faithful in death, he kept a sacred trust.
Will you be true to him? You will, you must!

What did you do for freedom today?
The blackened, twisted framework of a plane
Looms dark against the sand; the summer rain
Has washed it clean of blood and muck and gore—
The blood of three men who will fly no more.

What did you do for freedom today?
Upon the tossing billows of the sea
There floats a scrap of wreckage. Can that be
A living hand that clings to it? But no,
It loosens, sinks,—a victim of the foe.

All you who live in sheltered luxury
Brand in your hearts these heroes' deaths, and see
If you have kept the faith. Look well, and say:
"What did I do for freedom today?"

Shylock Domes Talks Turkey

By Paul Feldman

SHYLOCK DOMES was seated in his study, studying. You could tell by his high forehead (he was bald) that Domes was a very intelligent detective. Not only was he interested in cultural things, but he was interested in the earthy elements of life. The telephone rang, and Cash, the butler, answered, "Hello, this is Cash on the line—What?—Leg ripped off?—Hit over the head with it?—floor all red?—Yes, we'll be right over!"

"How gruesome!" said Domes, a trifle excited. Then, he walked over to the closet on his hands to get his coat. Domes always walked on his hands when he got excited. He said it kept the blood from rushing to his head. "What happened?" he asked.

"Someone has mangled Mrs. Murphy's turkey—the one she had cooked for Thanksgiving. Her dog was hit over the head by a drumstick."

"Cash, is this the same Mrs. Murphy whose—!"

"Yes sir, the same lady whose case we solved last year. The one concerning chowder and overalls."

The two defective detectives left their sanctum and proceeded to the Murphy mansion, where they were admitted by a very tall, slender, side-burned butler. They were immediately taken to the scene of the crime and shown the corpus delectable, that is, the turkey. One leg was ripped off and was on the floor, surrounded by a pool of ketchup. Domes inspected the turkey. "Ah-ha, there's been fowl play" said he, laughing at his own joke.

Then Domes, with all the finesse of a detective having three years' experience as corridor traffic officer at Pittsfield High, and seven years as head of the Bureau of Missing Sophomores, proceeded to get at the facts of

the crime. First, he checked on the turkey, and found only the wishbone missing.

"Most significant," Domes muttered, "shows that the person was after the wishbone."

The stupor sleuth then looked at the dog. "Ah-ha, a Russian wolfhound. Whoever hit this dog does not like the Russians."

Suddenly Cash burst out, "What a peculiar pumpkin on the window sill!"

"I have solved the case," said Domes decisively. "The turkey fiend is a Jap agent. Because his nation is getting short of ammunition, he is stealing every wishbone he can get. As you know, turkey wishbones are excellent raw materials for sling shots." Then taking his pistol from the case his Momma had packed it in, he shouted, "Okay, Sulfu Ripased, come out with your hands up."

"So solly, please. Caught in honorable darned window," whimpered the conquered one, who then surrendered to Domes.

"But, Domes, I don't see how you did it?" puzzled Cash.

"Elementary, old boy, elementary. First, I noticed the wishbone missing. I knew this bone could be used only for two things, wishing and slingshooting. Then, Cash, came my cleverest observation. By one quick mental conclusion, I found that the bone was to be used as a slingshot and the villian was a Jap."

"How did you arrive at this stupendous conclusion?"

"Very simply. I saw him."

"But how—how did you know it was a Jap, and not a pumpkin?"

"In all my life, Cash, I've never seen a buck-toothed pumpkin with glasses and a moustache." And then Domes, the world's ranking detective, found his way home. And I'm sure, you'll agree with me that he's an exceptionally rank detective.

Dissertation On Thanksgiving

By Lois Burke

ON November 25th, I am duly thankful for all that God and my parents have given me—except Thanksgiving. Granted that all holidays have their good and bad points, but on this one, the latter outnumber the former by a wide margin, especially when it is celebrated by a family reunion dinner at one's own residence.

There is nothing deserving of gratitude in such a case. Take a recent one, for example, and take it in the second person singular, because any reference to actual participants would be silly. It could only happen to you.

Fifteen people are invited to a house built to contain thirteen at the most, and just before dinner it is discovered that nineteen are present, which leaves you and two annoying younger cousins seated by yourselves in the farthest corner of the dining room, condemned to eat from an ancient and rickety card table, over the legs of which everyone seems obliged to stumble on his way to and from the kitchen.

Well out of hearing distance of the main table, you gorge yourself on turkey with a side dish of noisy chatter from your two eight-year-old relatives.

Finally, filled to the brim, you stumble into the living room and sink, with a sigh of content into the only comfortable easy chair, lapsing into a semi-conscious state. Ten seconds pass, and then, like an air raid siren, the shrill tones of Aunt Clarilda pierce your after-meal torpor, saying something about the necessity of getting up, since Uncle Pointdexter is finished eating and wishes to take a nap in the same chair which holds you now.

Disgusted with life in general and holidays in particular, you curl up in front of the radio, move the dial to the football classic of the day—Army-Navy, and feel your spirits climbing a little, as the announcer tells you that your

team is ahead, and also that there is an exciting battle coming up. At last, something enjoyable, you think!

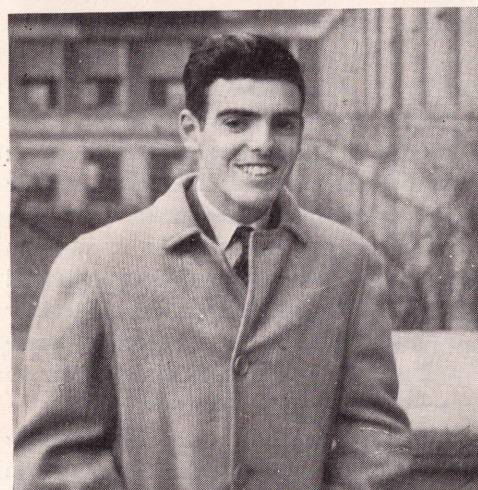
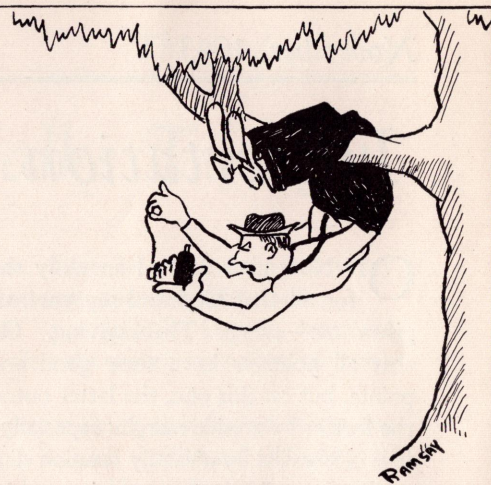
You thought too soon. Disengaging himself from the incessantly prattling group of company, Uncle G. H. Whistlethorp approaches. Without so much as a by-your-leave, for Uncle Whistlethorp is a man of few words, he turns the dial to another station, replacing the game by a thoroughly boring politician's speech. You suffer in silence for awhile, and then realize that no one is listening to the spouting senator at all, not even the said Uncle G. H. W., but to turn off his program would be a breach of manners, so aimlessly, you wander out into the kitchen.

Mater's voice, following you, suggests bringing in some turkey sandwiches. Action! You set to work, making an especially scrumptious looking double decker for yourself, placing it on the bottom of the platter, so no one else will grab it.

Alas, for your precautions! The first person you serve is Aunt Elsie, and, with an eagle eye, she goes after your masterpiece, biting into it with a sigh of delight. You give a little moan, and go on to the others, discovering that someone else has dropped in and you are one short. Result: honorable self goes sandwichless.

Tramping dejectedly out of the assembly room an hour later, your stomach empty, your head swimming with the constant conversation among the never tiring relatives, you stop in your tracks at the sound of Aunt Clotilda's (Clarilda's sister) shriek, "Really, Mary, why don't you send that child to bed earlier. She looks all tired out. Probably had an exciting time!" "Hah," you laugh, "Little does she know!" And you promptly trip on the first stair, falling flat on your face. The end of a perfect day!

WHO'S WHO



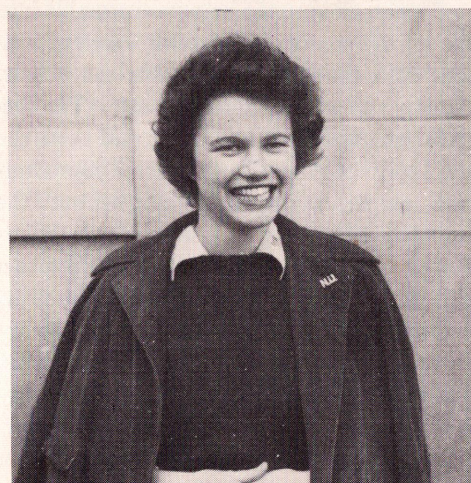
WILLIAM TROY

NUMBER 1 SENIOR

Gather 'round all you PEN readers, and meet Bill Troy, Senior Class president, and one "swell guy". Adept at playing a saxophone (so his neighbors say), he is also on the hockey team. English and U. S. History are his favorite subjects, and his greatest ambition is to learn to jitterbug. Another of Bill's favorite subjects is a certain one way street (??) Beside being a member of the Land Division of the Victory Corps, he is a (buck) private in the State Guard. Girls, if you are a brunette, with dark eyes, and can make Mulligan Stew, just step right up.

GO-GETTER

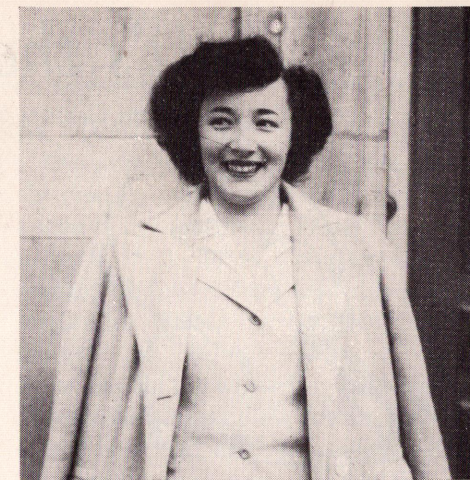
Most Pittsfield High Students know this pretty junior. She is Jane Howard. Jane is our enthusiastic captain of the cheerleaders, and also the person who pleads with us at all the games to "Yell". She is Editor of the School Notes Department of THE STUDENT'S PEN and is also a member of Beta Tri-Hi-Y. Among her "likes" are Italian spaghetti and fried clams, Bing Crosby and oh yes, she just "adores algebra!" Amazing, but one of her dislikes is Frank Sinatra. Too bad, boys, but at present her main interests are at West Point and in the Marine Corps.



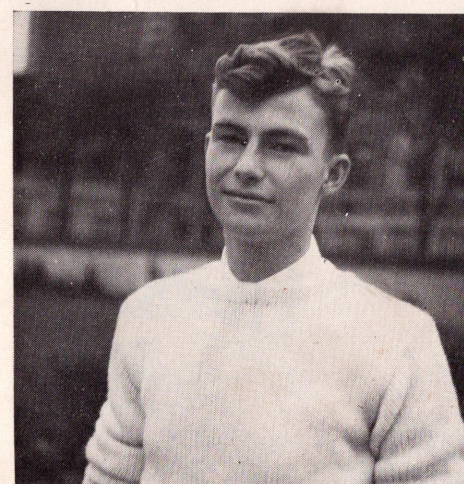
JANE HOWARD

FUTURE ACTRESS

This year Helen Ravage is our very able advertising manager for THE STUDENT'S PEN. Helen is an active member of the Victory Corps and is also doing her bit in the Library Club. Classic and popular music are right up her alley, but she doesn't approve of changing Bach and Beethoven into boogie-woogie. In Helen's opinion, jitterbugging is okay to a certain extent, yet she prefers ballroom dancing, especially if a super-special Naval Air Cadet is her partner. We're told that she's quite a hand at horseback riding and can hold her own at skating. After graduating from P. H. S., Helen plans to go to Cornell, and take up dramatics. Ah! A future Bernhardt in our midst.



HELEN RAVAGE



RAY HAMPSON

BLOND BLITZ

Meet Ray Hampson, better known as the Editor of the Yearbook. This captivating youth has won fans and fame with his cheery smile and sunny disposition. Ray enjoys most sports (with baseball heading the list), Harry James, and German! He's enrolled in Torch Hi-Y and DeMolay, and favors the Navy Air Corps. As to women—blondes, brunettes, or redheads—he likes them all (and the taller the better!)

Looking into the future, ye Editor has hopes of attending Princeton or Harvard Medical School, so don't be too surprised if one day you pass by a door bearing these gold letters: Joseph R. Hampson, Jr., M.D.

PEN WIZARD

Here he is at last, that red-headed artist, better known to all as "Bob". An active member of the STUDENT'S PEN staff and the Class Council, our friend drew the picture on the cover of the October '43 issue of the PEN. Any similarity between the color of the cover and Bob's hair is purely coincidental. Bob is pretty keen on skiing, and as for extra nourishment he has one chocolate frost every day. When it comes to women, it is not brunettes or red heads. Yes, you guessed it; blonds. Aside from many outside activities, Bob's hobby, of course, is drawing.



BOB BOLAND

It's the Style

By Kathleen Connors of Retail Selling Class

NO MORE FROZEN TOES

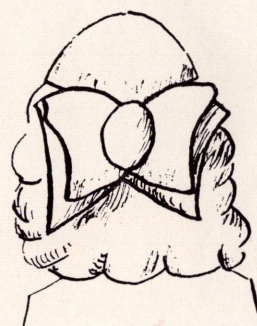
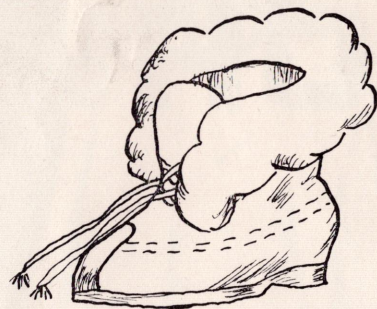
ATTENTION!

Out of the cockpit and onto the campus they come . . . a high riding new fashion borrowed from America's flying heroes. Johnny Zero wears them and now so can you! Sturdy, sheepskin lined, rubber soled boots. . .

Down, down goes the mercury. Remember last winter? But winter is fun when you can plow through the snow in these "fur coats" for your feet that are as cozy as the hearth.

Slip them over any shoes. They come in both zipper and laced styles.

Best of all these wonderful warm boots are **NON-RATIONED!**

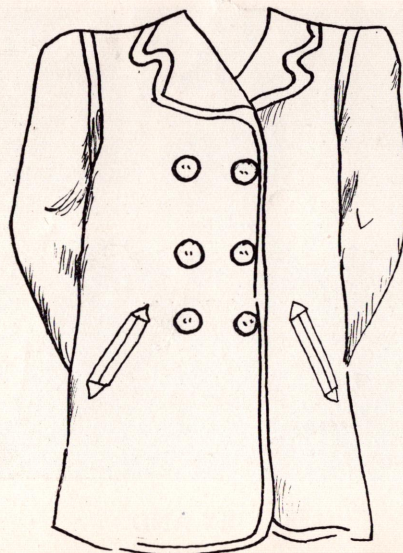


ON THE MORE FEMININE SIDE

you will find ruffled, frilly blouses. . . Something new and refreshing to replace "hard to get" sweaters.

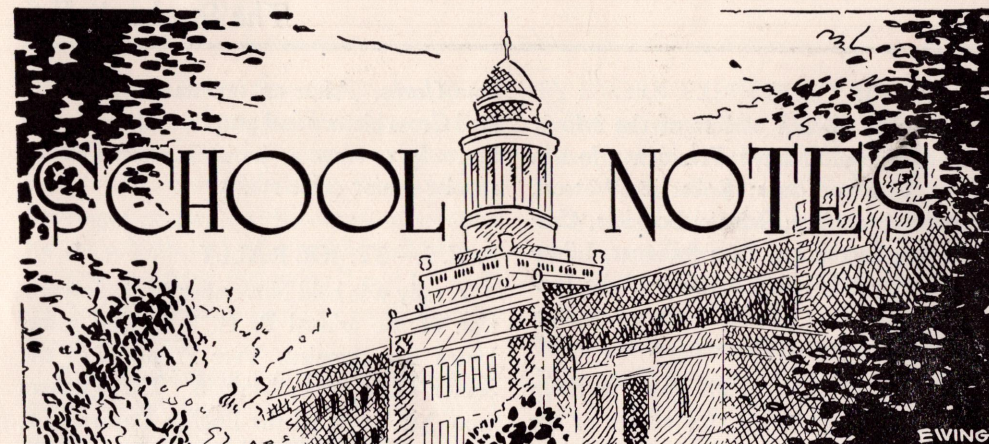
and

snug little Juliette caps to enchant the modern Romeo.



SHIP AHOY! Here's a copy cat coat of our heroes who sail the seven seas. Styled after a sailor's pea jacket, it is perfect to wear over either plain or plaid skirts. It rates "tops" for wear over your winter wool dresses too!

This pea jacket coat is three quarter length with slant pockets for warming your hands. It comes in a rainbow of plain colors.



SALVAGE SUNDAY

It may have been chilly on October seventeenth, but the high school boys of Pittsfield made Salvage Sunday a success.

Originally scheduled for October tenth, the drive was postponed until the seventeenth because of the Army Air Show.

One hundred and ninety high school boys took part in the salvage effort, collecting rags, tin cans, iron and papers. First, the boys collected the material at the school yards, then loaded it into trucks and went with them to the junk yards to unload it.

The largest proportion of material collected on Salvage Sunday was tin cans. Fifty tons of them were taken in. Everything together, with the collection of rags, iron and paper, totalled the amount of two thousand dollars, a big success. This sum means that nearly every Pittsfield serviceman and woman, here or across, will receive a Christmas gift from the Pittsfield Salvage Committee.

GIRLS RIGHT THERE

The boys are not the only ones who are doing something for the war effort. The girls who helped in issuing War Ration Book Four deserve a great deal of credit because they did a wonderful job. Over two hundred and fifty girls helped in the rationing work, serving as advisers, runners, telephone clerks, and typists. In every worthwhile project the girls are right there helping to win the war.

LIBRARY CLUB

The Library Club is well on its way to a very successful year. At the last meeting the following were elected officers: Charlotte Leidhold, President; Marian Shannon, Vice President; Christine Milne, Secretary; Joan Kaufman, Treasurer; Mrs. Wiggerhauser, Adviser.

The Club plans to review many books and aid again in another Victory book drive. The members perform various services to aid the Club, the library itself, and the students. There is a considerable number of social activities, such as sleighrides, hikes, and parties, which add fun to the admirable work the Club accomplishes.

Everyone is welcome any time, so join now. It's fun, it's work, it's profitable!

DEBATING CLUB CONTINUES

The Debating Club has already held several meetings, and the following were elected to serve as its officers: Charles Alberti, President; Roger Dechert, Vice President; Lois Burke, Secretary.

The Club meets on Tuesday afternoons and, true to its name, debates on various subjects of current interest. If the Club continues, (and this will depend upon new membership), it will hold a discussion with the Debating Club of Lee. A fine goal—let's back up our Debating Club and try to achieve it.

THE MOVIE CLUB

The newly chosen officers of the Movie Club are: Donald Morey, President; Joshua Alpern, Vice President; Robertine Watson, Recording Secretary; Muriel Bookless, Corresponding Secretary; Ann Sweeney, Librarian; Phyllis Adelson, Chairman of the Program Committee; Miriam Kollman, Chairman of the Reporting Committee.

The Movie Club is really going to town this year! They discuss, for better or for worse, two movies each month. This method really shows you how to judge your movies.

RED CROSS NOTES

SURGICAL DRESSINGS GROUP

During the past summer, the girls of Pittsfield High School did not spend all of their time basking in the sunshine at the lakes of the city. No, indeed! Faithfully every Tuesday morning, a group of about twenty-five of these girls went to the Red Cross Chapter House to make surgical dressings. The girls were under the excellent guidance of Miss Rosemary Haylon and Miss Eileen Daly, who stood by with patience for seven weeks while the girls mastered the art of making the surgical masks, which are used in the restricted areas of Army Camps and the operating rooms of our hospitals. The group turned out one hundred twenty of these masks in about fourteen hours of work.

A new class for surgical dressings has been started now at the Chapter House on Monday evenings, from seven to nine o'clock. The art is really quite simple, once you have mastered it, so why not give it a try, girls? New members are always welcome. Let's see if more work can be turned out by the new group in the same amount of time as was completed by the summer "veterans".

STAFF ASSISTANTS

A group of twenty-five Commercial girls met at the Red Cross Chapter House on November 10 to organize a Junior Staff Assist-

ants Corps. After an orientation course in Red Cross history and purposes, the girls will be ready to serve as junior assistants to the regular senior office staff.

P. H. S.—ST. JOE RALLY

A rally was held November 8th in preparation of the annual P. H. S.—St. Joe game. Helen Beauchemien, Vice President of the Senior Class was chairman. The speakers were Mr. Joyce of the English Department; Pete Arlos, football captain; and former football captain, Tony Procopio, now of the United States Ski Troops.

F. Carl Gorman directed the school band and conducted the singing. The cheers were led by cheerleaders, Jane Howard, Peggy Head, Barbara Dean, Kay Connors, Carolyn Holden, Marilyn Gerlach, Betty Barstow and Ruth Calkins.

THE ROVING REPORTER
MEETS A SOPH

By William Troy

The other day a sophomore approached me and asked if I had seen the new fire extinguishers that had just been installed in the school.

"Why no," I replied, so he led me to the second floor, just outside of the auditorium. There I saw a crowd standing in puddles of water and each holding a little white cup.

"See," said the soph, "the new fire extinguisher."

Naturally, I was amazed, but realizing that he was only a sophomore, I didn't reprimand him. Instead I took him by the hand, waded through the puddle, and elbowed our way through the crowd until I came face to face with the sophomore's "fire extinguisher."

"This," I said, enunciating each word slowly and distinctly, "is not a fire-extinguisher. This is a portable water fountain." To prove my statement I took a paper cup, filled it with water from the jug and gave it to him.

I explained to him that the city had solved the drinking water problem by installing portable fountains. I also explained that this water was procured from the Mohawk Beverage Company, which ozonates the water for the schools and other public buildings.

"One can drink this water," said I, "without fear of imbibing germs or swallowing an occasional lizard."

And so thanking me politely, the sophomore pushed his way through the crowd, slopped through the puddle, and walked down the hall, happy with the knowledge that he had learned at least one thing in school that day.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

The following are a few of the numerous answers received when your reporter asked, "Why do you like Thanksgiving?"

JANE HOOKER—"Plenty to eat!"

JEAN MAY—"I see my 'Pop'."

RODY SACCO—"No school!"

JOAN KAUFMAN—"I don't. I always have to do more dishes!"

ALLAN SIMON—"No work!"

"IZZY" SCOTT—"I can go 'hunting'."

SUMNER SHAW—"The food!"

ANN TALBOT—"We've got a maid!"

ALCINE ROBERTS—"I can eat and sleep!"

HELEN BEAUCHEMIN—"The Fleet moves in."

JIMMY TABOR—"I like to get stuffed!"

ROLF ULLRICH—"The food, I guess!"

ELIHU MARTIN—"Mr. Geary doesn't watch me eat!"

JIMMY GARIVALTIS—"Basketball is on its way."

GRACE SHELSEY—"I have time to think up some new 'angles' for geometry."

LUCIEN SOLAK—"Turkey stuffing."

JOSHUA ALPERN—"I can sleep late!"

SANDY WALKER—"I always get a neck!"

DICK SMITH—"I never get one—they're either too young or too old!"

TOMMY GOLDSMITH—"Gee whiz, I don't know!"

PEGGY HEAD—"M—m—m—m—m!!"

BY STORK EXPRESS

Our principal, Mr. Roy M. Strout, is now the proud grandfather of a baby girl, Louise. Louise is the daughter of Esther Strout Kennedy, P. H. S., 1936. Upon receiving congratulatory flowers from an anonymous colleague, Mr. Strout burst forth in verse as follows:

Have checked the whole long list to see
Who could have sent the flowers to me.
You're very kind, whoever you are,
To recognize thus, a new GRANDPA.

PITTER PATTER

Lieutenants (j.g.) Joseph McMahon and Charles Murphy of the Navy and 1st Lieutenant Harold Lynch of the Army, former instructors at P. H. S. returned to us for a too-short visit this month. Others seen in uniform about the corridors were Dominick Demich, ace gunner; Bob Herd, Dartmouth's dashing lad; Roger Driscoll, pigskin tosser; Bob Sullivan and Aubrey Desmond, two inseparables; Tony Pricopio, football hero; and Modestino Criscitiello, ex-editor. (Golly, seems like swell 'ole times!)

All students, and teachers of P. H. S. take heed! Do not compliment Mr. L. Murphy on his lovely boy! (He'll let you know immediately—and so you'll never forget—it's a girl!)

Why was Jane Hooker horrified at last month's issue of THE PEN? We thought it was a pretty good one!

Who is that little man that Mr. Herrick is hiding away at West Point? Pittsfield High loves visitors!!!

Peggy Head's new hobby is shining her shoes. A good idea—comes rationing!!

Did we see "Pody" Shipton with a list of ————(we won't say it) who weren't invited to the Harvest Hop? Pody, did the fellows sit up and take notice?

Wednesday, the 10th, found Billie Troy pacing the auditorium floor. Just the little matter of making a speech in front of all the parents, you know!

From Balcony Seats

By Florence Waskelewicz

LOOKING through the list of assemblies for this year will make you wish you could have a reserved seat for every one of them! They are all going to be interesting.

On November 17th Paul Harris, Jr. talked on the subject, "World Issues," and this was an excellent introduction to the series.

Ludwig S. Dale's talk, "Ready, Get Set, Go," on December 8th, is anticipated with keen interest. The talk is about securing and holding a job, the vocational guidance needed, and the do's and don't's for keeping a job and advancing in it. Mr. Dale's unique background qualifies him to act as counselor to young people.

Born in Norway, Mr. Dale's choice was to come to America, where he later graduated from the University of Minnesota. After graduation he became, in turn, a reporter, chief editor, and a roving editor in Europe for American newspapers. He was known as an organizer when he became interested in scouting as an avocation. He understands us, the youth of America, knows us, and is interested in us.

Cleveland P. Grant will give a lecture on "American Birds," with technicolor motion pictures. He will talk about birds; their migration, courtship, nest-building and many other natural instincts. The date, as yet, has not been made definite.

On January 13th Karl Robinson presents "Roads North," a fascinating color motion picture of Alaska. The film starts at San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge and ends in the interior of Alaska. Oregon's Crater Lake, Washington's Mt. Ranier, Canada's Great North Road, and the Alcan Highway are included. The human interest of people, vegetation and wild life is also shown.

Mr. Robinson may well be called an Alaskan resident. He knows it from the in-

side out and his picture sequences are complete. He and his camera will show us Alaska.

Max Gene Nohl presents to us "Salvaging Sunken Ships" on February 2nd. A unique picture of the war, showing how our ships are salvaged from the bottom of the sea, and the need of harvesting critically needed war material, all shown in colorful motion picture. Here is the highest adventure—man against our last unexplored frontier—the depths of the ocean.

On April 11th an editor from the Orient, Jack Morrow, speaks on Japan. He also will speak on Pacific affairs, including the Five Great Powers of the world. At the end of his address the audience may ask questions.

A Seventh Assembly is in store for us and if we are all good boys and girls, perhaps we will see someone like "Popeye," an incredible genius, or perhaps some of those wonderful ski pictures which have been shown at the Berkshire Museum.

MORE PITTER-PATTER

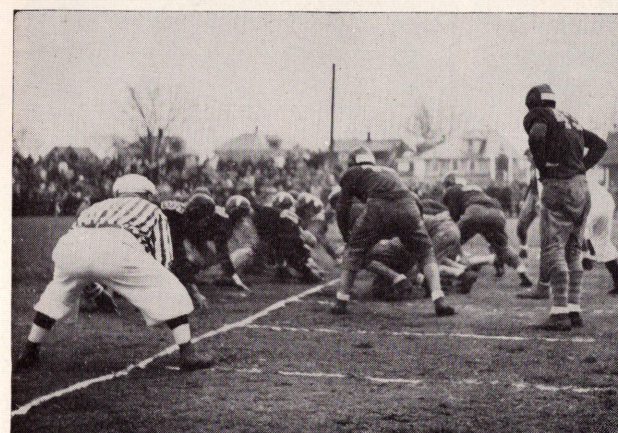
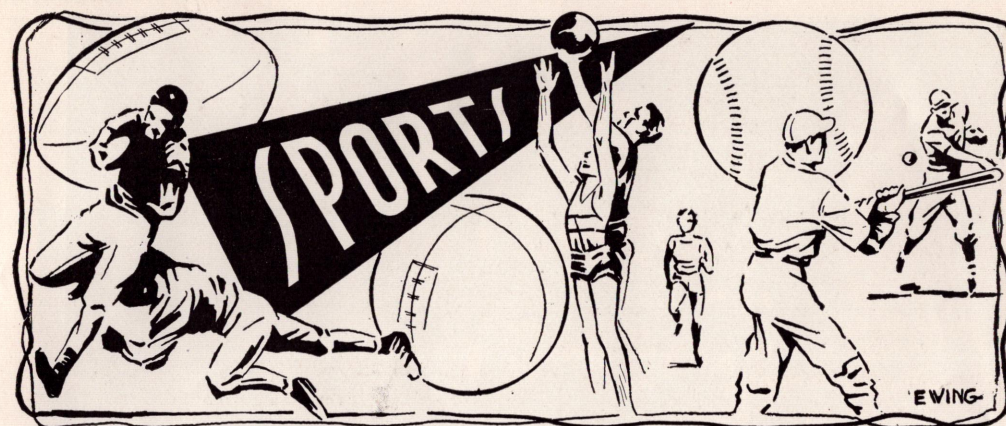
Miss Morse quite fell in love with Al Roberts' brilliant-colored (and we do mean BRILLIANT-colored) tie. The rainbow —!!!

Becoming so interested in First Aid, Carolyn Holden, Rita Johnson, Kitty Kennedy, Marilyn Gerlach, and Harriet Klose emerged from gym one day covered with bandages. They proceeded thus to Mr. Sheridan's English class. (Draw your own conclusions!)

Did anyone notice Dick Shipton's bright red earmuffs? (How could you help it?)

At our last victorious football game, the two Bobs (May and McKeever) were all wet! Why?—A flying tackle landed one of St. Joe's players right into the water bucket!! (Dried out yet, boys?)

We notice Carol Hyatt is "Day"-dreaming lately. (Sorry, Card. It was too tempting!)



THE ST. JOSEPH BLUES

By Donald Morey

From North Street to East Street the fall winds blow. What do we hear? The St. Joseph Blues. The football foe has been vanquished! Hail to the basketball season!

The reason for all this jubilation? Worthy P. H. S. has beaten our noble brothers from St. Joe way. The score—12-6. The date—November 11, 1943—the twenty-fifth anniversary of Armistice Day. The place—Dorothy Deming Park. The happy details follow.

Rodney Brown, the tall, blonde, handsome halfback under Coach John Thomas Carmody, tossed the pigskin to stocky end Manuel Gomes for a pair of six-pointers and victory on the home front.

By virtue of a recovery of a Pittsfield fum-

ble shortly after the fray got under way, St. Joseph's passed its way to a T.D. The scoring play was a bit of the freakish variety, however. Cosmo Calautti fired one down the fairway, and the ball was deflected by a P. H. S. defender into the hands of end Leo Hamlin, who waltzed into the end zone before a startled gathering of four thousand (count 'em) cash (or otherwise) customers.

But that's not the whole story. We must admit that our brothers were tough—mighty tough. Quarterback Pete Soldato tried everything in the P. H. S. repertoire in an attempt to rack up some scoring. At half time, the score was 6-6. Apparently, those stubborn St. Joe stalwarts intended to have the P. H. S. touchdown total remain as it was. The P. H. S. boys were definite favorites before the opening kickoff, and a tie was not at all promising to them. Nevertheless, nothing could be done to that St. Joe line until the officials started calling fouls on our brothers, hither and thither. This assistance, plus an awakened P. H. S. offense, set the stage for the winning Brown to Gomes aerial, which was completed with just seven seconds remaining in the contest.

"Whew!"



1943 FOOTBALL TEAM



P. H. S. BOWS TO DRURY

By William Zalenski

On a gray, overcast Saturday afternoon, the hard fighting football charges of Coach John Carmody lost a thrilling encounter to a fast, high powered Drury eleven by the score of 13-6.

The game was hard fought, but clean play dominated throughout with a minimum of penalties being called. Despite several slight injuries the team came out of the game in good condition.

After a scoreless first quarter a beautiful Brown punt that sailed well over fifty yards put Drury deep back in its own territory, only to have Jones, Drury halfback, on the next play dash off tackle for seventy-six yards and a touchdown. Drury scored again in the second quarter on a sustained drive against a tiring P. H. S. line.

However, in the second half, the many Pittsfield cohorts who had made the trip to North Adams, were given something to cheer about by their team, as a march of over sixty

yards was reeled off with Paris finally going over from the one-yard line. Brown then missed his first conversion of the season and the score proved to be the final one, 13-6.

CRANWELL BEATEN

By Warren Harmon

Pittsfield beat the pre-game favorite, Cranwell, with a decisive score of twenty to six at Deming Field Saturday, October 30.

The prospect looked good for Cranwell at the beginning of the first quarter when they scored their touchdown by an eighteen-yard pass into the end zone, but Pittsfield recovered quickly and took the initiative.

Pittsfield's first score came after a series of ground plays which took them to about the 29-yard line, where quarterback Pete Soldato caught a long pass thrown by Rod Brown. Brown's extra point kick was good.

On the Cranwell 37, Ed Paris lateraled to Brown, who threw a forward pass to Soldato, who went over for the second touchdown. This time the extra point failed.

In the third quarter after several successful running and passing plays, a pass from Rod Brown to Red Roszazza scored another six points. Brown's extra point was good making the score 20-6.

LOOKING BACK

With Donald Morey

When Manuel Gomes caught Rod Brown's pass that won the St. Joe game, Coach Carmody's youngsters wrote the final chapter to their 1943 gridiron campaign.

This P. H. S. eleven is a rare and a great example of hard work and courage with eventual success. No one who supports Pittsfield High can be ashamed of the showing of the school's football team.

When the season started, the boys suffered several bad breaks and lost their first two encounters. Not much enthusiasm was generated by people about the team. The players

"took it on the chin," but they weren't quitters.

Through the medium of hard work and dogged persistence, the P. H. S. football combine blossomed forth.

A smashing victory over Dalton, first raised the squad's status. Then a heavily favored Adams eleven invaded Dorothy Deming Park and was lucky to escape with a 7-7 tie. Drury, a tremendous powerhouse this season, defeated Pittsfield by only one touchdown. Cranwell Prep, a formidable outfit which employed the T formation, gave little trouble to P. H. S. The season was closed with the annual dogfight with St. Joe, which Coach Carmody's charges won in spectacular fashion with a touchdown pass in the final seconds of play.

It is noteworthy that in each P. H. S. loss, a star performer was absent. When the team

was at full strength, however, it was a powerful unit.

The forward wall developed as the season progressed and provided highly adequate fore-runners to backs Pete Soldato, Rod Brown, Red Rosazza, Dick Kasuba, and Eddie Paris.

The armed forces took both P. H. S. co-captains before the first game, and the big tackle, Pete Arlos acted as field general throughout the fall.

1943 FOOTBALL AT P. H. S.

| | | | |
|-----------------------|----|---------------|---|
| Greenfield | 12 | Pittsfield | 3 |
| Springfield Tech | 21 | Pittsfield | 0 |
| Pittsfield | 14 | Dalton | 0 |
| Pittsfield | 7 | Adams | 7 |
| Drury | 13 | Pittsfield | 6 |
| Pittsfield | 20 | Cranwell Prep | 6 |
| Pittsfield | 12 | St. Joseph's | 6 |
| Won 3, Lost 3, Tied 1 | | | |

TWO YEAR CHAMPS (?)

By William Zalenski

To that blunt question I answer, "Yes." The question, if you had not already guessed, refers to the fast approaching basketball season in which P. H. S. will attempt to retain the championship laurels won last year. Those of you who read last year's *PEN* may recall that a young scamp (posing as a school reporter) predicted an undefeated season and was almost laughed out of school. It was true that the limb that he had climbed out on cracked, but it is also true that all three P. H. S. defeats last year were registered by overwhelming margins of one, two, and four points with the winning points being scored in all cases with less than sixty seconds of play. Therefore, said scamp is back again, predicting another championship team.

Back from last year's squad are five veterans (and I have heard rumors that five men constitute a team.) Well, pessimists must admit that sounds pretty good. Led by Capt. Jimmy (I held Romaniak to three points)

Garivaltis and ably assisted by Rod Brown, Pete Arlos, Tony Meledeo and Cliff Hunt, P. H. S. has the makings of a coach's dream. Besides these stalwarts there will be a few of the J. V.'s moving up and a batch of promising sophomores. Then, too, there is always the possibility that Enid Fontanee, who has displayed plenty of promise, but has never been able to show his wares due to difficulties with the faculty members concerning marks, might get the green light this time. That takes care of the P. H. S. team fairly well.

As for the other teams in the league, Williamstown and St. Joseph's High of Pittsfield will probably provide the most opposition, with Drury and Dalton having fairly strong outfits. Adams and Bennington were one-man teams last year, and as both schools have lost their key man, they do not figure to be too strong. St. Joseph's High of North Adams, will probably keep up with tradition and be as weak as in the past.



WINNERS IN ARCHERY

Right to Left: Lois Youngs, first; Shirley Jarvie, second; Mary Ellen Bryan and Vera Linke, third.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Joan Coughlin

ARCHERY WINNERS

In archery the laurels went to the Seniors. Lois Youngs shot her way into first place. Shirley Jarvie followed close behind, winning second place, and Mary Ellen Bryan and Vera Linke tied for third. With the close of the hockey and archery tournaments, the first set of sports was concluded.

In the second set, volley-ball is at the head of the list. Sophomores practice on Tuesday, Juniors on Wednesday, and Seniors on Thursday. Volley-ball is not so strenuous as some sports, but is just as much fun. Nine girls are picked from each class for the teams.

Bowling will also start soon now. All girls interested in forming teams, to bowl one afternoon a week, watch the bulletin or inquire at the Gym for further notifications.

LET'S HAVE A LITTLE GYM GOSSIP

Why is it Doris L. always had to be up town by four o'clock on practice days?

How frightened the Sophs were, when they found Miss MacLaughlin was going to check showers that day.

Who is that person, who watched the football team faithfully, during hockey practice? How about it Mary Ellen B?

How many know that a certain J. R. is experienced at skipping showers?

Now that the Juniors are having First Aid, M. Curtin considers herself quite a Doctor.

We hear the Goalie on the Junior team did not succeed in knocking Santina Z. out, in the 1st Junior-Senior game.



THE JUNIOR HOCKEY TEAM

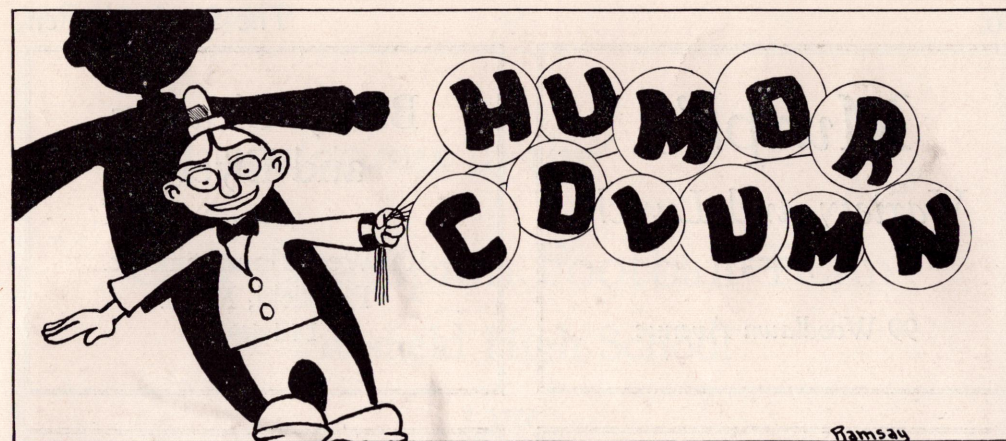
Left to Right: Bernice Kingsley, Doris Lay, Marie Massery, Theresa Cullen, Dorothy Wallin, Joan Coughlin, Velma Merletto, Lois Brown, Jane Kruczkowski.

HOCKEY TOURNAMENTS

The hockey tournaments ended on Monday, November 1st, when the Junior team pushed their way into first place, by beating the Seniors. What a struggle! The first half went along smoothly enough and ended at a 2 to 2 score. The Seniors made two goals in the third quarter, another in the fourth quarter, giving them a 5 to 2 edge on the lower class girls. This looked very gloomy to the spirited Juniors, and something had to be done about it. They won three goals in two minutes, thus making the score a tie at the end of the last quarter. The game was played two minutes overtime, and both teams knocked a goal. It was then necessary to play four more minutes overtime. The Juniors made two goals, and the Seniors one, giving the game by

one point to the Juniors. Those on the winning team were Bernice Kingsley, captain; Theresa Cullen, Dorothy Wallin, Lois Brown, Velma Merletto, Jane Kruczkowski, Joan Coughlin, Doris Lay, and Marie Massery, goalie.

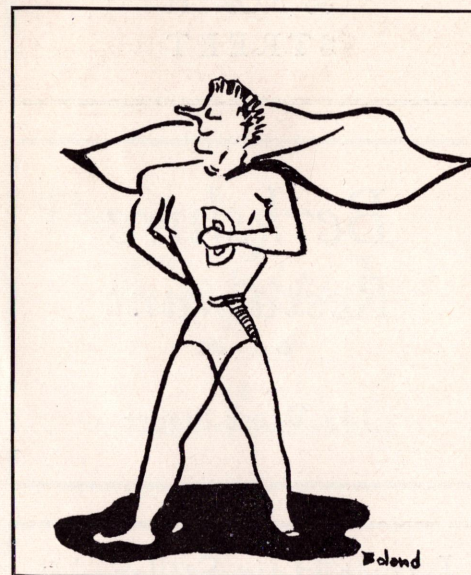
Throughout the tournaments the Seniors and Sophomores fought all the way, and both teams played very well. The Senior team consisted of Helen Beauchemin, captain; Madeline Seamons, Madeline Cullen, Vera Linke, Peggy Eulian, Mary Ellen Bryan, Santina Zoffrea, Nina Homich, Shirley Jarvie, goalie. The Sophomore team consisted of Barbara Kinghorn, captain; Jean Murphy, Ann Talbot, Gertrude Giese, Carmina Zoffrea, Doris Keen, Jean Ireland, and Anne LaPorte, goalie.



"Look, up in the dome! It's a hawk, it's a soph, it's Drooperman!"

Faster than a speeding pullet, more powerful than a freight train, able to leap anthills at a single bound, this strange (ah, how little we know how strange!) visitor from another

Drooperman, the Man of Last Week, attempts to solve one of Pittsfield High's most important problems. Will the Man of Lead come through? Will he? Huh, will he? Read the next issue of THE STUDENT'S PEN, and see Drooperman in action?



History Teacher: "Troy, give an example of an indirect tax?"

Troy: "The dog tax, ma'am."

Teacher: "How so?"

Troy: "The dog doesn't pay it, does he?"

A senior patted a sophomore lad on the back.

"Did you lose a quarter, sonny?" he politely asked.

The soph went through his pockets, "Yes, I did. Did you find one?"

"Oh no," said the senior, "I just want to find out how many sophs have lost quarters today. You make thirty-seven."

planet, disguised as the ill-mannered student, Marmaduke Tyler, has come in the name of Justice to our school. His epic struggle against the various evils of Pittsfield High School, Miss Kaliher's tests, Mr. Goodwin's tardy slips, Miss Daley's numerals, and everyone's report card is a heroic page indeed in the annals of our noble and mighty (we beat St. Joe, didn't we?) school. See how

It took three hours of argument and an introduction to Coach Carmody to persuade a sophomore that a football coach does not necessarily have four wheels.

To the Sophomores:—No, Rembrandt did did not paint the goal posts for the St. Joe-P. H. S. game!

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Congratulations to the
City Champion Football Team
Pittsfield High School



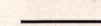
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
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